The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY. FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1838. VOL. XII--No. 584

LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

"Love never sleeps!" The mother's eye
Bends o'er her dying infant's bed;
And as she marks the moments fly,
While death creeps on with noiseless tread,
Faint and distressed she sits and weeps
With beating heart. Love never sleeps!

Yet e'en that sad and fragile form
Forgets the tumult of her breast;
Despite the horrors of the storm,
O'erburdened Nature sinks to rest;
But o'er them both another keeps
His midnight watch—Love never sleeps!

Around, above, the angel bands
Stoop o'er the care worn sons of men;
With pitying eyes and eager hands,
They raise the soul to hope again;
Free as the air, their pity sweeps
The storm of Time!—Love never sleeps!

And round—beneath—and over all—
O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,
A Higher bends! The slightest call
Is answered—and relief is given
In hours of woe, when sorrow steeps
The heart in pain.—Love never sleeps!

Oh, God of love! our eyes to thee,
Tired of the world's false radiance, turn;
And as we view thy purity,
We feel our hearts within us burn;
Convinced that in the lowest deeps
Of human ill, Love never sleeps!

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.—The constant attendance of Prince George of Cambridge on the Queen, when she is engaged in a party of pleasure, has given much uneasiness to a certain clique of confederates at Court. The Queen is one who, though young in years, well knows power; and she is one also who will not allow her feelings to be controled by impertinent interference. Lord Melbourne encourages the intimacy between the Royal cousins, and there is every prospect of seeing the Prince the consort of Queen Victoria. Should this event come off, there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth among the German satelites. Prince George is now in his twentieth year, and it is stated that he will remain at Gibraltar, visit Malta, and others of our possessions, so as to be absent two years, when he will receive her Majesty's hand. The marriages of cousins have not always been felicitous; but we imagine that the Prince, who is particularly generous and good-tempered, will make a very comfortable companion for the little lady.—*London Satirist.*

The following occurrence has recently excited much interest in Vienna: A young man, M. L. Baron de H——, a lieutenant of hussars, of high family and connexions, had become desperately enamored of the *femme de chambre* of his mother. She was a Sicilian, very beautiful and well educated. He employed every means in his power to induce her to become his mistress—but not succeeding in the attempt, he at length offered his hand and fortune. She still remained inexorable, and would listen to none of his proposals, believing him to be insincere in his professions of love. He solemnly swore that he would never break the marriage vow, and, producing a poniard, declared he would plunge it into his heart rather than be unfaithful to her, if she would consent to be his wife. The vehemence of this declaration touched the heart of Eliza, and she consented to become his bride. The marriage took place in February, with every possible demonstration of rejoicing, and the relatives of M. de H——, although not approving of the marriage, did every thing to celebrate the event with eclat. In the beginning of May, the young officer followed his regiment to Milan. His wife, who remained at Vienna, took means to have all his movements watched, and she soon learned that he had formed a connexion with a widow, the Marquise de La——, and from that moment she resolved upon a deadly revenge. In the rage of her jealousy, she at first resolved to go to Milan for the purpose. She was contemplating this step when her husband unexpectedly returned to Vienna with despatches. The instant he entered the house, maddened with rage and frantic with excited feelings of jealousy, she flew at him like a tiger, and plunged the fatal dagger into his bosom.—The husband fell weltering in his blood and was taken to the hospital, where he is recovering. The unhappy wife was given over to justice, and is at at present resigned to her situation, but not regretting her crime.—*London paper.*

EXTRAORDINARY GROTTO.—A singular discovery has been made at the Dane, Margate of an extensive grotto, which appears to have been excavated at the time of the Saxon heptarchy, and which affords matter for deep reflection, and will probably throw some light on the habits of our Saxon ancestors. The Dane is celebrated as the field of a decisive and terrible engagement fought between the Saxons and Danes.—From time to time, objects have been disintered which show the deadly nature of the struggle, including numerous human bones, not yet reduced to dust; and even entire skeletons, imbedded in soft chalk, and thus preserved as with a coating of cement from decomposition. Armor and warlike weapons of the fashion of that early period have also been found. The grotto, however, which has just been laid open, does not appear to have any reference to the battle. It extends to a great distance under the hill, and is laid out in serpentine walks, alcoves, and passages of considerable extent, the sides being studded with shells, formed into elaborate and curious devices, and doubtless executed by torch light.—The discovery of this remarkable structure was entirely accidental, and in consequence of some excavations made on the spot by the proprietor of the land.

LONGEVITY.—It is a remarkable circumstance that the Russian empire exhibits more instances of longevity than any other country in the world. A recent return gives the number of those who died above one hundred years as 3,173 in the course of four years; above one hundred and five years, 1 064; above one hundred and ten years, 558; above one hundred and fifteen years, 326; above one hundred and twenty years, 211; above one hundred and twenty five years, 80; above one hundred and thirty years, 47; above one hundred and forty years, 10; and above one hundred and fifty years, 1; making a grand total in four years of 5,470 persons aged one hundred and upward

FRENCH EXPEDITION.—The French government which takes an interest in every thing, good or bad, is about sending a scientific expedition to the Scandinavian peninsula and Spitsbergen, the leader of which is M. Gamard, the naturalist, who conducted the recent expedition to Iceland. Louis Philippe favors the expedition. He travelled through Sweden and Norway, Lapland and Finland, in 1795, takes a particular interest in the expedition, and has himself pointed out the objects most worthy of attention. The Foreign Quarterly Review says that the Sweedish Government lends its cordial assistance, and a body of Norwegian and Swedish naturalists and engineers are to join the French *savans*. Some of the party are to winter at Hamerfest, near North Cape. The vessel destined for Spitzbergen is to attempt the passage northward to the North Pole. Thus, as M. D'Urville, who sailed last year in command of the Zelee and Astrolabe, had orders to approach the South Pole as near as possible, the French government will boast that its efforts in behalf of science extend at the some time from pole to pole.

EFFECT OF AUDIENCE.—The Hon. John Quincy Adams, in his address to the ladies of the 12th congressional district, who entertained him with a *pic nic* in Tranquility Grove, the other day, closed his remarks as follows:

"I have, in the course of my life, found it was an easy matter to address two hundred and forty men, but it has been to me a task sufficiently arduous to address successfully one woman."

Mrs. Adams, the lady of the Ex President, was present on the occasion.

The following among other toasts, were given at a meeting in Baltimore, on the 4th ult., of persons of different trades and professions. They are taken from the Baltimore transcript.

By Mr. Sledge. (The Blacksmith)—May we preserve our own *tools* and never be *the tools of others*; and may our own *vices* become the *instruments* of much good.

By Mr. Strap. (The Shoemaker)—Our trade—should we *wax* cold in a good cause, may we forfeit our *awl*; but should we *stick to the last*, may our *soles* be benefited.

By Mr. Beaver. (The Hatter)—The patriotic band of '76—They were *brim full* of zeal, went *fur* in the good cause, and they *felt* for a suffering people. May their *nap* be sound and their *crown* the blessings of their children.

By Mr. Twist. (The Tobacconist)—Congress—may they *eschew* all ill feeling—thus destroying the *worm* of enmity; let their business be done on the *short cut* principle, and their constituents will say *they 're up to snuff*.

By Mr. Stitch. (The Tailor)—The United States—may they be *basted* together with the strong *threads* of friendship While their rulers "cut their coats according to their cloth".—the *needle* of public approbation will always point to the worthy.

By Mr. Junk. (The sailor)—The ladies—They look beautiful in *stays*—While with *rakers on the ocean* of fashion, may they *keep clear of shoals* of vanity, and happily *cast anchor in the harbor* of matrimony with a *clean bill of health*.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

AUNT KATE'S FIVE NIECES.

'Who was Aunt Kate?'

'A very respectable lady of a certain age.'

'A certain age!'

'Don't interrupt me. Of a certain age—'

'But what age is *a certain age?*'

'Why, the age that a lady can never remember, and her friends never forget.'

'O then, my dear fellow, now I know a thousand like Aunt Kate, of that same most certain, yet uncertain age, but her other peculiarities?'

'She was handsome—even to her last day she retained the bright flashing eye that in youth swam in kindly feeling, but that in latter life pierced with its scornful disdain, the fine cast of features, the finely chiselled lip, and the perfect arch of the eye-brow—all beautiful while softened by youth and gentleness, but too Romanified in the rigidity of that certain age. In fact, Aunt Kate's aspect affected the mind painfully, handsome though it was.'

'Handsome then she was?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'And rich?'

'And, O miracle! single?'

'Single.'

'Unravel the mystery.'

'I will. Her youth was spent in a perpetual struggle with poverty—is not that the true gladiatorial strife? The freshness of her spirits wasted like the bloom of the flowers that perish on the altar of some hideous idol. You know how beautiful are some of those blossoms whose fruits are deadly poison. Aunt Kate's heart was full of trustful affection—what of that?—what do men care for hearts or affections? They require something more solid—letters of credit—bills on Mr. Henry Hase—lacks of rupees—golden ingots and such things. Aunt Kate had none of these, she had her youth, her beauty, her hopes, her freshness, her feelings, her warm and generous feelings. Trash!—what men of any sense cares for such frippery? Poets may tell you that these are the gifts freshest from the hand of Deity. Fools! they are perishable things at best, while the good that men carve out with their own hands—honors, wealth, rank, and station—these may last a man's life. Youth—beauty—feelings—they are bubbles, glittering in the sunshine but shivering while you breathe.'

'Very pretty things for all that.'

'Well, time will pass on, whether it be at the rate of a gallopade or a minuet. Poor Aunt Kate found herself alone—*her youth had left her*. She looked in her glass, and wrinkle upon wrinkle, written in legible lines, answered her '*gone*.' The silver hairs glittered through her dark tresses, and in no very mysterious hieroglyphic confirmed the word '*gone*.' She had reached a certain age. Cabalistic words! epitaph of youth and hope!—she had passed the Rubicon. The opposites of the strongest passions are very nearly allied to Aunt Kate—to cease to love was to begin to hate.'

'To hate?'

'Yes, even to hate. Think what injuries she has received. You forget that every unrepaid feeling is a debt—every unrequited affection an injury. That was an era in Aunt Kate's existence, she suddenly and unexpectedly inherited great wealth. If you have ever watched the events of life, you will have been struck with the frequency with which our wishes are granted when we have ceased to wish—our hopes when we have ceased to hope—success when it is valueless—pleasure when it no longer pleases. A few short years before and wealth would have bought Aunt Kate happiness—it would have bought her friendship, love.'

'Nay! nay!'

'At least the plated ware and she would never have found out the difference; but I told you she had passed the Rubicon. Her eyes were now opened, and she cast away from her, and forever, the dreams, and the wishes, and the fond affections of her youth.

'Then, after all, she was rich, handsome, and unmarried, and my wonder returns: what were men doing to let her remain so?—men who all, present company excepted, worship the golden idol?'

'O it was not the fault of the men—they all immediately found Aunt Kate to be very charming; but she had sense and memory, and it was not a few honied words that could counterbalance the bitter experience of years of wasted feelings and affections. I could not tell you the withering scorn of her rejections—does not the richest wine make the strongest vinegar? Even the very loveliness of her nature turned into hatred—hatred, not of individual, but of our whole race! and Aunt Kate vowed that none of our ungrateful gender should ever fatten on her rich beeves.'

'Are they to be buried with her?'

'No, she has done better than that, for gold can be exhumed as well as buried. She has left them to her five nieces, on one sole condition.'

'And that——?'

'Is that they never marry!'

'Ah! on pain of forfeiture—to whom.

'O of course to be divided among those who keep the conditions.'

'But supposing that all violate them?'

'Scarcely a possible supposition; but, then—why, then to me, my dear fellow, as the next of kin. What will you give me for my eighty thousand pounds' expectancy?'

'It is worth speculating upon. Come, let us calculate the chances of your five descents.'

'I prize it at a peppercorn. Tell me, Charles, if you can, if you know one man in this commercial age, willing to sell himself to the bondage of the matrimonial yoke without a remuneration. If you know such a one, call him a phœnix—unique; but for finding five such fools! I trust that this age of refinement could not produce them.'

'You put the case disagreeably. Is there disinterestedness in the world?'

'None. A word without a meaning—at least the meaning only to be found in the dictionary.'

'If the ladies heard you——'

'They have no objection to a sceptic. But, even if five such supernumeraries of the earth could be found, do you think those five girls would find an equal folly to match them, and buy a new plaything, and a new name, at the price of Aunt Kate's solid thousands.'

'You scorn the word. I would say they might be so 'disinterested.''

'Fah! I am sick of the word.'

They parted—Frederick Harrow went whither he would it is no business of ours. Allen Hyde did the same thing, but we shall take the liberty of following him. Allen Hyde went to his chambers. He spent three quarters of an hour in arranging his curls, and tied on five cravats before the bow pleased him. He then left his chambers, muttering to himself, and drawing on a pair of the most delicately fabricated kid gloves.

Still we can follow—delightful privilege of our pen—dare we say so? are we not omnipotent?

Half an hour's ride took our hero out of the smoke, and the noise, and the eternal traffic of the town. Then came the cheerful chirruping of birds, the sweet smell of flowers, and the unspeakable deliciousness of the pure air, and, finally, Hyde entered a little garden, a perfect treasury of lillies and of roses.

The garden contained a little cottage possessed (O wonder!) by a widow, which happened most conveniently to be a French one,—our hero wended towards it.

In the centre of the room into which Hyde thus ceremoniously intruded, stood a round rose-wood table; on this table was a trellised basket, upheaped with flowers, and over it was leaning a fair young girl in deep mourning with long silk auburn curls hanging over her neck and shoulders, revelling in arranging that wilderness of sweets.

Her cheeks outblushed the rose which she held in her hand the moment she became sensible of his presence.

'For me?' said Hyde, as he laid his hand upon the one that retained the flower.

'That is for mamma; she loves a rose-bud dearer than a ruby.'

'And why not for me on the same grounds?' said her visiter; if loving made the right of having, there are more things than this rose-bud would be mine. And that is the truest as well as the most beautiful point in theology, which teaches us that to love is to have.'

'Pray do not talk to me either of law or metaphysics, but tell me when your arrived?'

This is always the first question a woman asks, because by it she measures the 'how many horse power' of her own attractions.

'Think of the shortest time in which I could reach you, and that will give you the date of my arrival.'

'Do not say pretty things to me. I am weary of them.'

'Do you then permit so many to be said to you?'

'I can show you sir, that I do not, by interdicting yours.'

'You have grown prudent,' he replied with some bitterness. 'I submit.'

It did not seem that this *prudence* was received as compliment, or at all like the pretty things which gave rise to it.

'*Prudent!*' repeated the fair lady with some emphasis, and a slight tone of reproach, and a little tremor of the lip.

'Is it not a desirable virtue,' he asked, 'especially *now?*'

'Ah! you are thinking of poor Aunt Kate's legacy.'

'Of which you were certainly thinking too.'

Cecilia de Grey did not reply; but she lifted up her pretty blue eyes to Hyde's face with the look of the meekest and most ill used creature upon earth.

'Nay, it was natural—most natural—was it not?' he said.

'It might have been to you—not to me—not to me!'

'But Cecilia, my dearest Cecilia, is it unnatural to hesitate between affluence and humility—between Aunt Kate's legacy and the love that can offer you little besides itself?'

'Unnatural to hesitate between a little dross and an imperishable jewel!'

'Generous, disinterested, and *my own.*'

It will not require any extraordinary depth of observation to discover that Miss de Grey's share of Aunt Kate's thousands was not worth much purchase money; but Cecilia loved roses, and a cottage, and Allen Hyde, better than anything else in the world, and better than all put together. We leave her, therefore, to her bad taste,

[redacted]

who that had felt the joys of a generous sensibility vibrating through his heart, would say, *could* say, that it is better to receive than give? O Captain Waring!'

'If Captain Waring were old, and had the rheumatism, and wanted flannel waistcoats, he would not say so.'

'Twaddle!' cried Georgiana to her parrot of course; and 'Twaddle!' responded Polly to her mistress.

'Caroline is in the seventh heaven, and Elizabeth only in the third,' whispered the captain to the fair lady who was winding silk.

Jemima smiled; a whisper always implies confidence; the whisper and the smile were both confidential.

'I must tell you the news whether you will or no,' resumed Jemima. 'You remember Cecilia de Grey?'

The captain shook his head. It is always a compliment to one woman to have forgot another; and the deeper flattery if the forgotten be a beauty too.

'You must remember?'

'No.'

'What! not a white-faced girl in a white frock, with long dangling curls?'

Jemima was something of a brunette, and wore her hair *a la Grecque.*

'A fair, soft complexioned girl,' said Caroline, who knew that it was generous to praise a sister beauty, and to show that she could admit a rival near the throne, with sweet eyes and luxuriant auburn tresses.

'Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain,' said Elizabeth. She had none of the deceitfulness to answer for, and she went on stitching flannel.

'Twaddle!' cried Georgiana; and Twaddle!' cried the parrot.

'But you *do* remember,' said Jemima.

The Captain took the trouble of shaking his head.

'But you know that we had such a cousin?'

The captain contrived to remember so much.

'And that she was to share with us in that odd, cross legacy of Aunt Kate.'

The captain nodded.

'Well, what do you think she has done?'

'Can't guess'

'Got married.'

'The captain *was* astonished, and too naturally to be able on the moment, to hide the impression.

'Now I must make you remember the gentleman. To begin with his name, Allen Hyde.'

'No.'

'A tall supercilious young man—a barrister.'

Another shake of the head.

'Quite a beau—almost a coxcomb.'

A shake.

'Wore lemon colored gloves, and his hair dressed.'

The shake.

'Always flouting the women and scorning the men.'

Another shake.

'Holding up disinterestedness as mockery in the one and affectation in the other.'

A shake of the head from the captain, a sigh from Caroline, a groan from Elizabeth, and 'Twaddle!' from Georgiana and the parrot.

'Hated sentiment and sensibility; a perfect utilitarian. I shall always for the future judge people by their opposites'—(simpleton, not to have done so before)—'and called love rhodomontade. Now help me to abuse him, you, who are the very knight errant of the tender passion. Is he not a wretch?'

'For his theory or his recantation?'

'O for the treachery of his theory. You see it as all finesse to hide his real sentiments.'

'Whatever be his sin, it is too much trouble to abuse him, especially as he has punished himself.'

'How?' exclaimed Jemima, in a tone of alarm.

'By acting contrary to his better judgment;—all such folly punishes itself. A man of the world, much less a lawyer, ought not to act like a fool. I have no pity for him.'

'Like a fool,' repeated Jemima, in accents of real and unaffected alarm, and pale with the agony of true womanly feeling,—'like a fool?'

'Yes, like a fool,' repeated the captain: 'has he not married a young woman without a sixpence? What man of common would do that—and for her?—why, they are a pair.'

The captain knew that he had arrived at climax: at that point people ought always to retire; he knew that likewise, and retired.

The fatal clue rolled from Jemima's hand, and she fell into hysterics.

It happened that very day that she met at dinner a clerk in her father's counting house, who had been invited as an act of especial grace. He sat by her at table; she had often coquetted with him in the absence of higher interests, and he had frequently thought that the few thousands she would inherit from her father would be a pretty beginning for him in the world, and that the connexion might lead to his name being added as a junior partner in the firm; but Aunt Kate's legacy had crushed his hopes. There was something, however, in Jemima's manner to him this day that revived those hopes. A fortnight after, Jemima sent cake and cards tied with a white ribbon and a silver string to Captain Waring. She had married on purpose to do so. Is this unnatural? O no; revenge is sweet, especially to woman; and even in the paroxysm of this, her worst passion, she is so wholly unselfish as to be regardless of the evil she intends for another, recoil a hundred fold upon herself.

There was of course great consternation among the Warrenders' five hundred dear friends, and the whole train of relations, near and distant, both in blood and space. Opinions varied according to the respective characters of those who held them, but the loudest in justification of her sister's conduct was Caroline. She who usually spoke in the softest of soft voices, was now loud and vehement in her defence. How wisely and disinterestedly had Jemima chosen! What were guineas in the hand compared to generosity in the heart! How brightly could love lighten the cottage hearth—how sweetly could it twine flowers round the windows—how delicious to hear the song of the nightingale among the branches and the briars—no, no—we mean among wild roses and wreaths of woodbine! &c. &c. Who, after such an exertion of sisterly eloquence in the cause of sisterly love, could doubt of Caroline's disinterestedness, although a few forsaken thousands should revert to her—of course quite contrary to her own inclinations.

Caroline was leaving the opera: she was melancholy. She had been listening to Grisi's passionate melody of grief, and was almost blinded with the flashing of the Duchess of——'s diamonds.

'Your ladyship——' said a young man to her with a low obeisance.—'I beg ten thousand pardons: I mistook you for Lady A.'

'He hurried on. Caroline felt a slight pressure of the arm. She knew that her companion was reading her thoughts—she blushed at the consciousness.

'Will you be Lady B?' asked the low voice of her companion at her elbow.

Caroline hesitated. She thought that Lady B. sounded as well as Lady A. and she knew that the gentleman who offered her the title possessed some uncommonly splendid diamonds. The woman who deliberates, &c. &c. It is true that he who could invest her with these fine things was old enough to be her grandfather, and ugly enough for every purpose of agriculture; but then, diamonds and a title?—She accepted them. She lost her share of Aunt Kate's thousands—no; she bought with them diamonds, a title, seven thousand a year, and a husband. Certainly Caroline made a good bargain. And what got the gentleman? A pretty young wife, and that was all that he wanted. Human nature again.

Our heiresses were sadly diminished.—There were only left our old friends Elizabeth and Georgiana. Elizabeth went on making flannels and vowing that she would never marry, and what was more, everybody believed her; for Elizabeth, though now rich in other inheritances, had missed the birthright that her sisters eminently shared—beauty; so her heart grew daily more and more narrow as she found herself without objects to call its affections into play, until at length it contracted all into self, and the world called her by all the ungracious names which single blessedness is distinguished by; thus ignorantly, as it always does, mistaking the effect for the cause.

Georgiana, left to take the field alone, labored incessantly in her vocation—pleasure. She had no end, no aim, no hope in view, but the simple indulgence of the passing hour, the passing caprice, the passing passion. Aunt Kate's, legacy, now so enhanced in value, seemed to place an insurmountable barrier between her own lot and the usual lot of women. So she indemnified herself with the most innocent flirtings, which, as all the gentlemen well knew, or believed, that it must stop short of matrimonial purgatory, they very freely indulged her in. Now Georgiana had a dear friend whom she protessed to love with all her heart, notwithstanding that she was younger, perhaps handsomer, and certainly poorer than herself, and more than all, was on the eve of marriage. Now if we cannot take liberties with our friends, with whom can we take them? So Georgiana flirted more unmercifully with her friend's intended than she had ever flirted before—so much so, that he began to experience the sensations of waltzing, and his fair one to look and to feel most uncommonly sentimentally miserable.

It so happened that the more wretched the bride elect seemed to be the more elated appeared the spirits of the bridesmaid elect: in this inverse ratio things went on for some time. At length the fair and gentle girl, for both she was, roused herself from her dismayed grief, and tried, by all the innocent wiles and the endearments of little kindnesses, to win her wavering treasure back again. Could Georgiana suffer this?—could she be thus triumphed over? No; she dressed out her face in its richest beauty, and her lip with its brightest smiles, and as her friend's eye grew dimmer, and her step heavier, and her lip sadder, he, the ingrate, turned more and more frequently from the sadness of the one to the joyousness of the other, until he unhesitatingly asked of Georgiana the price of his utter treachery. Georgiana hesitated—it was a great price to pay; he threatened to return to his allegiance, and she paid it: *it was the price of power.*

Are these things possible? O very possible! Nine hundred and ninety nine out of the thousand among us are ruled by passion and not by principle. We are but weighing these passions against each other.

A last glimpse at the cottage of our first friend—and then farewell.

Cecilia was at that cottage window; she was counting the minutes. Hyde had not come. Break an hour's promise in love! Ah, but this was in matrimony.

He came. Cecilia's anxious eye read in his countenance some strange unwonted feeling. She laid her hand upon his arm and looked up in his face beseechingly.

'Yes, dearest, you are right; something has happened.'

'I hope nothing evil?'

'I hope so too. Cecilia, Aunt Kate's legacy is ours. Elizabeth has been long privately married.'